Lessons - Gabriel decides that Zachariah needs a lesson.

It had been coming to him. Once the Trickster had realized exactly what Zachariah had been doing to gain consent, that had simply pushed his Trickster's instincts a bit too far.

(Spend thousands of years pretending to be one, fitting into the headspace of one, and the only thing he can think of now is of that Nietzsche quote, but it's too late for that now. Still doesn't mean he's lost any powers - if anything, he's stronger now that he's not tied down by the limits on Grace.)

Just desserts. Pompous shmucks. He was even on his territory, being a jerk in North America. Even the stupidest of Tricksters (he'd met that one, once. Was a laugh at how pathetic it was, was a laugh at who its pranks were used on) would have seen the opportunity.

The first order of business, then: start small, attract his attention. Get him down to Earth and in his vessel, if he wasn't there already.

The Trickster was planning already, even as he introduced Zachariah to the concept of a perpetual smut storm with a snap of his fingers.

"Are those - "

Zachariah scowled, as this was the *third* time he had been interrupted. It was his own personal rain cloud, except that instead of rain it was:

"Busty Asian Beauties! For a dick, you have good taste in porn!" Dean had already picked up the issue, hiding his grin behind a pinup.

Zachariah didn't stick around to watch the Winchesters ignore him in favor of porn magazines. He had known they were filthy, and he didn't respect them at all, but they were supposed to *listen* to him.

"Hey, mind if I take some of these?"

Zachariah was going to *kill* whomever was doing this.

Seraphs were very, very good at practically everything. Among these many talents was the one crucial one Zachariah was learning to excel at: finding things. The Winchesters were a pain to find, but he was getting better at it.

So one foolish pagan power that was disrupting Zachariah's heavenly duties shouldn't have been so hard to find, and even when he did find the power, it wasn't supposed to be because the pagan wanted to be found.

The first thing that greeted him was laughter, and three unwanted words.

"Busty Asian Beauties? Zach, you've got some issues, if that's the magazine following you around."

For a moment the magazines blocked his view, before the sound of snapping fingers made them vanish.

It didn't take long for Zachariah to figure out who he was talking to, even with an unfamiliar vessel, pagan powers and a leer that never would have been seen in Heaven.

"Gabriel," he breathed, for the moment speechless. Every angelic instinct told him to kneel, as Gabriel *was* an archangel, and he knew the hierarchy word by word.

Gabriel grinned back at him, candy-bar in one hand, the other hand poised to snap. "Trickster, actually. That name's old history."

"You must know why I'm on earth," Zachariah hissed. "What I'm doing. You shouldn't interfere in the affairs of - "

"Zach Zach Zach," Gabriel shook his head. "I'll interfere all I want, especially since you dunderheads are trying to close my playground ahead of schedule. Besides, I'm here to play my role." He gave a grin that Zachariah didn't trust. Not that he trusted anything about the Trickster with the powers of a former archangel. (It was easy, too easy to downgrade Gabriel to Trickster with powers he shouldn't have.)

"Lucifer is walking the Earth. It's time to end it." He said, gritting his teeth. He wanted to go straight to smiting the Trickster, but the poised hand hadn't lowered. Zachariah wasn't stupid, or suicidal.

"He's only walking because you arses broke the seals before they were meant to be broken." For a moment, Zachariah saw the archangel's rage in the Trickster's eyes before it was banished. "But enough about current events. You like giving lessons, don't you? I saw your work with Dean - nice job with the office jobs."

Zachariah didn't trust that smirk at all.

"I thought I'd give you your just desserts. It *is* my M.O., after all."

And the Trickster snapped his fingers.

"Mr. Adler? Thanks for volunteering to be substitute at such late notice. Just give the kids these notes and have them watch this movie, and you'll be good."

Zachariah grit his teeth and nodded. It was the third class he'd been forced to teach, what with his Grace denied him and the Trickster setting him up as the perfect teacher in a variety of schools.

Forgive him his blasphemy, but God, he *hated* high schools.